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### THE POOR LAWYER.

The Knickerbocker Magazine some years ago contained Washington Irving's "Early Experience of Ralph Ringwood." This exciting story was well termed by the editor "a species of Mountjoy of the West," for the lovers of Ralph Ringwood are scarcely less practical than those of Mountjoy himself. Here is the first introduction to the lovely maiden who was to have so great an influence on his after life:

"I had taken my breakfast and was waiting for my horse, in passing up and down the piazza, I saw a young girl seated near the window, evidently a visitor. She was very pretty, with auburn hair and blue eyes, and was dressed in white. I had seen nothing of the kind since I left Richmond; at that time I was too much of a boy to be struck by female beauty. She was so delicate and dainty looking, so different from the hale, buxom brown girls of the woods—and then her white dress it was so dazzling! Never was a poor youth so taken by surprise, and suddenly bewitched. My heart yearned to know her, but how was I to access her? I had grown wild in the woods, and had none of the habits of polite life. Had she been like Peggy Puge, or Sally Pigman, or any of my leather-dressed fellows of the plover roosts, I should have approached her without dread; nay, had she been as fair as Shurt's daughters with their looking-glass lockets, I should not have hesitated; but that white dress, and those auburn ringlets, and blue eyes and delicate looks quite daunted while they fascinated me. I don't know what put it in my head, but I thought at once I would kiss her! It would take such an acquaintance to arrive at such a boon but I might seize upon it by sheer robbery. Nobody knew me here, I would just step in and snatch a kiss, mount my horse and ride off. She would not be the worse for it; and that kiss—oh I should die if I did not obtain it."

I gave no time for thought to cool, but entered the house and stepped lightly into the room. She was seated with her back to the door, looking out of the window, and did not hear my approach. I tapped her chair, and as she turned and looked up, I snatched as sweet a kiss as ever was stolen, and I vanished in a twinkling. The next moment I was on horseback, galloping homeward, my very heart tingling at what I had done.

After a variety of amusing adventures Ringwood attempts the study of law, in an obscure settlement in Kentucky, during night and day. Ralph pursues his studies, occasionally argues at a debating society, and at length becomes quite a genius, and a favorite in the eyes of the married ladies of the village.

I wanted to take tea one evening with one of those ladies, when, to my surprise, and somewhat to my confusion, I found with her the identical blue-eyed beauty whom I had unconsciously kissed. I was formally introduced to her, but neither of us betrayed any sign of previous acquaintance, except by blushing to the eyes. While tea was getting ready, the lady of the house went out of the room to give some directions, and left us alone.

Heaven and earth, what a situation! I would have given all the pittance I was worth, to have taken in the dearest dell in the forest. I felt the necessity of saying something in my former rudeness. I could not conjure up an idea, nor utter a word. Every minute made matters worse. I felt, at one time tempted to do as I had done when I had robbed her of the kiss—bolt from the room, and take to flight; but I was chained to the spot, for I really longed to gain her good will.

At length I plucked up courage with myself and walking to her, I exclaimed: "I have been trying to muster some thing to say to you but I can not. I feel that I am in a horrible scrape. Do have pity on me and help me out of it!" A smile dimpled her mouth and she played among the blushes on her cheek. She looked up with a shy but arch gleam of the eye, that expressed a volume of comic recollections; we both broke into a laugh, and from that moment all went well.

Passing the delightful description of what succeeded, we proceed to the denouement of Ringwood's love affair—the marriage and the settlement.

"That very autumn I was admitted to the bar, and a month afterward was married. We were a young couple, she not much more than sixteen, and I not twenty, and both almost without a dollar in the world. The establishment was well suited to our circumstances; a flow house with two small rooms, a bed a table, a half dozen of chairs, a half-dozen knives and forks, a half-dozen spoons—every thing by the half dozen, we were so poor; but then so happy."

We had not been married many days when a court was held in a country town, about twenty-five miles distant. It was necessary for me to go there, to put myself in the way of business; but how was I to go? I had expended all my means on our establishment, and then it was hard parting with my wife so soon after marriage. However, go I

must. Money must be made, or we would soon have the wolves at the door. I accordingly borrowed a horse, and borrowed a little cash, and rode off from my door, leaving my wife standing at it and waving her hand after me. Her last look, so sweet and becoming, went to my heart. I felt as if I could go through fire and water for her. I arrived at the country town on a cool October evening. The inn was crowded, for the court was to commence on the following day.

I knew no one, and wondered how I, a stranger, a mere youngster was to make my way in such a crowd, and to get business. The public room was thronged with the idlers of that county, who gathered on such occasions. There was some drinking going forward, with a great noise and a little altercation. Just as I entered the room, I saw a round bully of a fellow, who was paralytic, intoxicated, strike an old man. He came swaggering by me, and elbowed me as he passed. I immediately knocked him down, and kicked him into the street. I needed no better introduction. In a moment I had half a dozen rough shakes of the hand, and invitations to drink, and found myself quite a personage in this rough assemblage.

The next morning the Court opened. I took my seat among the lawyers, but felt as a mere spectator, not having any idea where business was to come from. In the course of the morning a man was put to the bar charged with passing counterfeit money, and was asked if he was ready for trial. He answered in the negative. He had been confined in a place where there were no lawyers, and had no opportunity of consulting any. He was told to choose from the lawyers present, and be ready on the following day.

He looked around the Court and selected me. I could not tell why he should make such a choice. I, a beardless youngster, unpracticed at the bar, and perfectly unacquainted with the law, yet selected, and could have hugged the rascal.

Before leaving the Court he gave me one hundred dollars as a retainer fee. I could scarcely believe my senses; it seemed like a dream. The heaviness of the fee spoke but lightly in favor of his innocence—but that was no affair of mine. I was to be advocate, not judge or jury. I followed him to the jail and learned the particulars of the case; from thence I went to the clerk's office, and took minutes of the indictment. I then examined the law on the subject, and prepared my brief in my room. All this occupied me until midnight, when I went to bed and tried to sleep. It was all in vain. Never in my life was I more wide awake.

A host of thoughts and fancies crowded through my mind; showers of gold that had so unexpectedly fallen into my lap, the idea of my poor little wife at home, that I was to astonish her with my good fortune! But the awful responsibility I had undertaken, to speak for the first time in a strange court, the expectations the culprit had formed of my talents, all these, and a crowd of similar notions, kept whirling through my mind. I tossed about all night fearing the morning would find me exhausted and incompetent—in a word, the day dawned on me a miserable fellow.

I got up feverish and nervous. I walked out before breakfast, striving to collect my thoughts, and tranquilize my feelings. It was a bright morning—I bathed my forehead and hands in a beautiful running stream, but I could not allay the fever heat that raged within. I returned to breakfast, but could not eat. A simple cup of coffee formed my repast. It was time to go to court. I went there with a throbbing heart. I believe if it had not been for the thought of my little wife in her lonely house, I should have given back to the man his hundred dollars, and relinquished the case. I took my seat, looking, I am convinced more like the culprit than the rogne I was to defend.

When the time came for me to speak my heart died within me. I rose embarrassed and dismayed, and stammered in opening my cause. I went on from bad to worse, and felt as if I was going down hill. Just then the prosecutor, a man of talents, but somewhat rough in his practice, made a sarcastic remark on something I had said. It was like an electric spark, and ran tingling through every vein in my body. In an instant my difficulty was gone.

My whole spirit was in arms. I answered with promptness and bitterness, for I felt the cruelty of such an attack upon a novice in my situation. The public prosecutor made a kind of apology. This, for a man of reputable powers, was a vast concession. I renewed my arguments with a fearful glow and carried the case triumphantly, and the man was acquitted.

This was the making of me. Every body was curious to know who this lawyer was, that had suddenly arisen among them, and bearded the Attorney General at the very onset. The story of my debut at the inn on the preceding evening, when I had knocked down a bully and kicked him out of doors for striking an old man, was circulated with a favorable exaggeration. Even my beardless chin and juvenile countenance was in my favor, for the people gave me far more credit than I deserved. The chance business which occurs in our courts, came thronging upon me. I was repeatedly employed in other cases, and by Saturday night, when the court closed, and I had paid my bill at the inn, I found myself in the possession of a hundred and fifty dollars in silver, three hundred dollars in notes, and a horse that I afterwards sold for two hundred more.

Never did a miser gloat more over his self, with any more delight. I locked

the door of my room, piled the money in a heap upon the table, and walked around it, sat with my elbows on the table, and my chin upon my hands, and gazed upon it. Was I thinking of the money? No—I was thinking of my little wife and home.

Another sleepless night ensued, but what a night of golden fancies and splendid air castles! As soon as morning dawned I was up, mounted the borrowed horse which I had come to Court on, and led the other which I had received as a fee. All the way I was delighting myself with the thoughts of the surprise I had in store for my little wife; for both of us had expected nothing but that I should spend all that I had borrowed, and should return in debt. Our meeting was joyous, as you may well suppose; but I played the part of an Indian hunter, who when he returns from the chase, never for a time speaks of his success. She had prepared a little meal for me, and while it was getting ready, I seated myself at an old-fashioned desk in one corner, and began to count over my money, and put it away. She came to me before I had finished, and asked me who I had collected it for.

"For myself, to be sure," replied I, with affected coolness. "I made it at Court."

She looked at me a moment incredulously. I tried to keep my countenance and play the Indian, but it would not do. My muscles began to twitch; my feelings all at once gave way, and I caught her in my arms, laughed, cried, and danced around the room like a crazy man. From that time we never parted.

### Who was the Gentleman.

"Please, sir, don't push so."

It was in endeavoring to penetrate the dense crowd that nearly filled the audience and blocked up the doorway after one of our popular lecturers, that this exclamation met my attention; it proceeded from a little girl of not more than ten years, who, hemmed by the wall on one side and the crowd on the other, was vainly endeavoring to extricate herself.

The per on addressed paid no attention to the entreaties of the little one but pushed on toward the door.

"Look here, sir," exclaimed a man whose coarse apparel, sturdy frame, and toil-embrowned hands contrasted strongly with the delicately-gloved fingers, curling locks, and expensive broadcloth of the former. "Look here, sir, you're jamming that little gal's bonnet all awry with your elbows of yours."

"Can't help that," gruffly replied the individual addressed: "I look to number one."

"You take care of number one, do you? Well, that's all fair so far, I repeat the honest countryman; and with these words he took the little girl in his arms, and placing his broad shoulders against the slight form of the latter, he sent him through the crowd, down the steps, and in with rather more haste than if any in the street below."

The young gentleman picked himself up, but rather intimidated by the stout fist of the stranger, and abashed by the laughter of the crowd, concluded it was about time for him to go home.

In polite society, the former would be courted and admired, and the latter overlooked and despised: "who was the gentleman?"

On a raw and blustering day, last winter, a young girl with a small basket on her arm, entered one of our stores. After making a few purchases she turned to leave. Two gentlemen stood in the doorway, whose appearance indicated that they thought themselves something; whose soft, sleek coats, and delicate hands were apparently about of the same quality as their brains.

As they made not the slightest movement as she approached, the young girl hesitated a moment as she approached, but seeing no other way, she politely requested them to stand aside. They lazily moved a few inches, allowing her barely room to pass, given her, as she did so, a broad stare that brought the color to her cheek and the fire in her eye.

In stepping upon the icy pavement her foot slipped, and in endeavoring to save herself, her basket fell, and the wind scattered its contents in every direction.

At this the two gentlemen burst into a loud laugh, and seemed to consider it vastly amusing.

"Let me assist you," exclaimed a pleasant voice, and a lad about sixteen, whose hands showed that they were accustomed to labor, and whose coarse, well-patched coat indicated that he was the child of poverty, sprang forward, and gathering up the articles, presented the basket with a bow and a smile that would have graced a drawing-room. "Who was the gentleman?"

Boys, you are all ambitious to be considered gentlemen. That is all very natural, but remember, that neither your own nor your parents' position in life, your tailor, your boot-black, or your barber, can make you one. The true gentleman is the same every where; not only at the social party or ball, but in the noisy mill, the busy shop, the crowded assembly, at home or on the street; never oppress the weak, or ridiculing the unfortunate; respectful and attentive to his superiors; pleasant and affable to his equals; careful and tender of the feelings of those he may consider beneath him.—Nashua Telegraph.

### Chat with the Conductor.

"It's not often a man loses anything by kindness. I know a little matter of that sort saved my life, and perhaps the lives of many others at the same time."

"How was that?" asked we of our friend Rawlins, the model conductor.

"Why, we had an Irishman on this road watching a tunnel. It was warm weather, so he used to go into the tunnel to keep cool. I rather think he used to take a little liquor when he came out; any way, he laid down on the track one day to listen for the cars. He fell asleep, and very imprudently got his head cut off by the express train. Well, there was the last of that Irishman. There was the devil's own row at his shanty when we took the poor fellow up, and we got away as soon as we decently could, for you know it's not agreeable to be surrounded with a distracted family, when you're neither a doctor nor a nurse, nor a preacher. Somehow I felt as if—not exactly the same thing—but just as bad might happen to me some day, and then there'd be another row in a family. I told my wife about it, and she sent the family some little things."

The widow of the dead Irishman was a Catholic, and, as I was then on a very fast train, I would sometimes take up the old woman on Sunday and carry her to church at Martinsburg. I somehow thought it was a satisfaction to her to go to church, for she had but little chance in the world any more. I certainly did not expect to get anything for it in this world, and I expected they had so much scored against me in the other that it wouldn't amount to anything there.

That was during the summer. "One night the next winter, it was very cold, and the mountains were covered with snow; we were running to make time, when on turning a curve, the engineer saw a waving light on the track, and we soon heard some one ahead shouting. I was then on the platform. The engineer slackened up and stopped the engine, and we got out and went ahead in the dark to see what was the matter. There it was. A large landslide had fallen across the track, near the shanty of that old Irish woman. She had built up a large fire and watched for the train, for the curves were so sharp that we might have been upon the slide before we could see it. So, when we ran up, there was the old lady, with her cap on, swinging the chunk of fire like a revolving light-house, and there were the little Irish carrying brush like so many little beavers. She had watched all that night in the cold. But for her, in another minute we should have run into a pile of dirt and stone as big as Barren's Hotel. I should have got a pit ticket certain, for I was on the platform. What would have become of the passengers and train you can guess as well as I can."

We expressed a hope that the old widow had been properly rewarded.

"The passengers made up eighty dollars; the company afterward gave her a shanty rent free, the brakeman and engineers bought her a cow; and she made out very well. But when I handed the money to her that night she said: 'Gentlemen and ladies, I'm thankful, and may never know the want of what you give me. But what I did was mostly on account of him, there. He was kind and thoughtful to the poor and the afflicted, and I'd watched till I froze before hard frost should have come to him, if I could have helped it.'"

"Dear the thing, it made me choke right up."

"Passengers for the relay-y." "Don't forget your umbrella, sir; there might be an explosion, and you'd want it to keep off the cinders." "Let me pass your hand-box, miss." "Take care of your little boy; he has no insurance on him." "All right; go ahead!"

For the Times.

Mr. Editor:—I see in your last week's issue that my suggestion over the signature of "A Physician" has met the approbation of some two Physicians already, and I have no doubt but that it will meet the hearty co-operation of the Physicians generally.—My object in having an Association of this kind established was not particularly for the purpose of bringing about a uniform rate of charges, as for other consideration of benefit that might accrue.

If we had such a Society and were to pursue a proper course—a devotion to professional objects, we should have a considerable amount of medical knowledge, as the result of our observation sent forth to enrich our science every year that is now lost to the profession. Let us persevere in our efforts to promote the interest of our profession and be as an example of industry, worthy of imitation of others. My friend Dr. Morris and "medicus" appear to be anxious to have a meeting as soon as practicable, then let an arrangement be made, and do notice given, I will suggest October, this will give all ample time.

G. W. TRUMBO.

QUAKER BOTTON.

An exchange says, an editor cannot step without stepping on somebody's toes." Well, let somebody keep his toes out of the way.

Fashion has been described as a struggle on the part of the rich to get away from the poor, who follow as fast as they can.

The Swedish government have declared that the Cholera prevails in Abo, Elsinore, St. Petersburg, Cronstadt, Narva, Revel Riga, and Copenhagen.

### A Story with a Moral.

We see it reported that Mr. Bodisco, the Russian Minister, has undertaken to muzzle a Washington newspaper after the fashion of St. Petersburg. We hope he will have "a good time."

This reminds us of an incident we have heard of this gentleman, in the earlier days of his mission. Some years ago he was passing over the Rochester and Syracuse Railroad on an excursion to Niagara, with a party of friends. If we remember rightly it was his wedding tour. When the train reached Syracuse, an Attaché, or a Secretary, or something, took a fancy to quarrel with one of the men employed about the depot, and, with the incidence of a petty official, raised his cane and struck him. The man was about to take justice in his hands, but the fellow claimed the protection of his master and his suite, who of course all took his part, and supposed their diplomatic character would enable him to get off with impunity.

Mr. Smith, the conductor and Agent, immediately waited on the Minister in the car, stated the case, and civilly but firmly remarked that such conduct could not be tolerated here; and wound up by expressing a hope that the Minister would end the business as he easily could by apologizing.

The Minister smiled. Apologize!—Did Monsieur le Conducateur know whom he was addressing? It was Alexandre Bodisco, Ambassador of the Emperor of Russia!

Mr. Smith coolly replied that if it was the Emperor of Russia himself he was entitled to an apology. And he added that until he got it; the train would stop where it was in the Syracuse Depot.

Great was the indignation of the circle when this audacious speech was translated all round it, and it was found that diplomatic proceedings were so suddenly brought to a standstill. Terrible odds were sworn at the Conductor, the Railroad, the Company, the country, the—everybody! But, as they were all in Russian, they did not hurt anybody.

"I order this train to go on!" said the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, stepping out on the platform. The passengers stared. By-standers winked at each other. The little pop-corn and candy boys opened their eyes wide at the man with the long beard, and thought he must be crazy. But the train did not move an inch.

"Order this train to go on!" repeated M. Bodisco, bringing his cane down vehemently on the platform, by way of emphasis. No result. The smoke curled lazily up from the locomotive, and the fireman and engineers leaned back on the wool pile, to see the fun.

Fortunately at this moment a Washington acquaintance, who happened to be on the cars came on, and undertook to explain American customs to the Ambassador.

A long colloquy ensued in some foreign tongue, which nobody understood. The upshot of it was, however, that a handsome and courteous apology was tendered and received—the Minister acknowledging that his ignorance of the language and customs of the country had led him into a mistake. The whistle sounded, the bell rang, and away went the train, carrying two or three wise people out of Syracuse than it brought in, half an hour before.

It is barely possible that M. Bodisco's labors with the press may terminate in a similar way. After all, it is the education, not the man, that is to blame. M. Bodisco is a sensible and accomplished gentleman, as such things go in Russia. There, his requirements would be treated as perfectly reasonable and proper. Presses go and stop, at the building of high Diplomats. Here, however, high Diplomats often come and go at the bidding of the press.—Albany Journal.

### Democratic Senatorial Convention.

Pursuant to previous notice the democracy of the 8th Senatorial District met in convention at the Court House in Gallipolis on Tuesday the 23rd day of August 1853 at one o'clock P. M. and organized by calling Moses Gates to the chair, and appointing E. F. Bingham Secretary.

On motion of Mr. Leete, it was resolved that the delegates of each county be authorized to determine the manner of casting the vote of the respective counties in the district.

On motion the convention proceeded to ballot for a candidate for Senator, a majority of all the votes cast being necessary for a choice. The 1st result as follows:

V. M. Ficar of Gallia Co. 19.  
W. C. Macaboy of Meigs Co. 17.  
J. C. Campbell of Lawrence Co. 3.  
Benjamin Johnson do. 5.

No one having a majority of all the votes cast, the convention proceeded to the 2nd ballot which resulted as follows:

Lewis Anderson of Lawrence Co. 30.  
H. C. Macaboy of Meigs Co. 14.  
Whereupon Mr. Anderson was declared duly nominated. A committee was appointed to inform Mr. Anderson of his nomination who appeared and accepted the same in a few brief and appropriate remarks.

On motion Gen. George House was unanimously nominated a candidate for member of the Board of Equalization for the 8th Senatorial District.

Ordered that the proceedings of the convention be published in the several newspapers in the district. On motion the convention adjourned. Since day.  
E. F. BINGHAM, Secretary.  
MOSES GATES, Chairman.

### The Pestilence at New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 8, 1853.

I have been busy the last few days visiting the Hospital and Cemeteries. The scenes I witnessed there cannot be described so as to give you any idea of the reality. At the Hospital the suffering is very great, and it is a wonder that any recover. In one room that I visited there were about forty females. They are placed in cots on either side of the room with just room enough between the cots for the attendants to give the poor sufferers their medicines. On one cot was a mother who had just died of the black vomit; in the next cot the daughter was not only suffering with the fever, but what must she have suffered in her mind on seeing the lifeless body of her mother! On another cot was a young woman from Tennessee (the only American in the Hospital.) She had just been received, and was in the first stage of the disease. On one side of her was a woman raving mad, with the black vomit, and lashed down to her cot. On the other side was the mother who had just died. I concluded the poor Tennessee woman would soon die, after witnessing such scenes. In another part of the room were two sisters. One was doing very well, the other had the black vomit. On another cot were three children, whose parents had already died, and I could not but think that it would be better if the poor children should follow their parents to the spirit world. In the room below were about forty men in the various stages of the disease. There were some three or four tiers of cots in this room. Many of the sufferers had the black vomit, others were raving mad, lashed down to their cots. Some were groaning, others cursing, and a few were quiet. How any of the patients can ever get well surrounded as they are with the dead, and dying, and obliged to see every dead body as it is removed is truly surprising. No doubt many die through fright, and others no matter how calm they may be, must lose all hope and give up in despair. As soon as life is out of the body, they are put into a rough box made by the prisoners of the workhouse. This box is painted black with lamp black. The Corporation cart backs up to the Hospital, the boxes or coffins are taken into them—say from 3 to 4 at a load, and they are then taken through our streets, without even a cover to the cart, or any thing covered over the coffins. Exposed to the hot sun, they are taken a long distance through our principal streets to the cemeteries.

There are a large number of persons calling at the Hospital to see their friends, but of course cannot be admitted, as the patients must be kept as quiet as possible. One poor old man came to the window of the Infirmary to ask after his daughter, a young German girl seventeen years of age. He was told he could not see her, but that she was getting well, and if he would come the next day he could see her. The poor old man cried with joy on hearing of his daughter's being convalescent, and left with a light heart, no doubt thinking of the pleasures of "to-morrow," when he should embrace one who was so dear to him, and his sole prop in old age. He said he had only her. You can judge of my surprise, after the old man left, when the keeper of the Hospital remarked: "He will never see his daughter again. She will be dead before night, and when he comes to-morrow, he will find the corporation have taken her off to potters' Field in one of those black boxes."

I asked the keeper why he deceived the old man. His reply was, that "if he told him the truth, he would have the old fellow crying about the Hospital all night. Poor old man! what must be his feelings when he calls again, to find his daughter dead and buried! And when he inquires the place of her burial, the reply will be 'I do not know.' There is no way of ascertaining where the grave is, of any one who dies in these Hospitals, as the bodies are placed in the black boxes without any mark to designate the tenant within; and they are buried without any stake or mark being placed to designate the grave."

The citizens of the Fourth District of our city were in a great state of excitement yesterday (Sunday morning.) On account of the great number of bodies sent to the Fourth district Cemetery, they could not, or, I should say, did not, bury them as fast as they should do. On yesterday morning there were about fifty bodies not buried. Many had been there forty eight hours. The decomposition of the bodies in the hot sun caused the coffins, or boxes, to burst open. Many of the bodies also burst open, and the stench was such as to drive people from their houses. The Mayor was called upon early in the morning; he said he had no authority; the Street Commissioner had no authority, and resident citizens of the Fourth District could not find any one who has authority. The Mayor, however, took the responsibility to send the chain-gang—any about ten slaves—who are chained by the leg, and work on the streets and markets during the day and at night are locked up in the work-house. These men, however, did not go up, or were not sent up until afternoon, at which time there were about one hundred coffins accumulated. They went to work to dig graves—but being prisoners, and not having any hope of reward or compensation to inspire them with energy, they worked slow enough. However, their energy and public spirit I consider fully equal to that of the Mayor, Board of Health and

others in authority. Mr. Kinshad, the Chairman of the Cemetery Committee of the Board of Health did not go up according to his own account, until 7 o'clock in the evening at which time he says there were eighty bodies uninterred; that he found the chain gang about leaving, and that he offered five dollars an hour for men to work, but could not get them. He states, by promising to the chain-gang a good supper, and plenty of liquor, that he induced them to work again. They worked all night, and this morning all but about fifty had been buried. I visited the ground this afternoon. Some squares distant the odor from the bodies was very offensive.

On arriving at the gate of the Cemetery, the first thing which attracted my attention was an old negro woman stationed at the very gate of the Cemetery, selling apples, peaches, pies, cakes, ice-cream and beer. No doubt she was well patronized by the numerous Irish and Germans who go to the burial place with funerals. I think she would have made more money selling camphor, as I found camphor a great luxury for the hour I passed in the Cemetery. I found the chain-gang at work digging trenches about eighteen inches deep and about fifty feet long; into these the coffins were crowded six abreast; lime was then thrown upon the coffins, and dirt piled upon them. The tops of the coffins were, from five to eight inches above the level of the ground. There were about twenty coffins, or I should say bodies, to be buried when I left, but as the trenches were dug, and the chain-gang had only to place the bodies into them, and cover with earth, they would soon get through. The negroes were all drunk and they would let coffins fall several times before setting them into the trenches. I will leave it to the imagination of your readers as to the scene presented at this Cemetery, without attempting to describe it.

On our arrival at the Hebrew Cemetery we found it closed. Over the gate of the Cemetery is printed "The Home of Eternal Life." At St. Patrick's there were a large number of funerals, and there were many quantities of fights; but few bodies remained unburied here.

At the Old Fellows they have built some new ovens in great haste, and the stench was as bad as the Cemetery at Lafayette. The firemen's was in fine condition. The Potter's Field had buried all but two. At the Charity Hospital Cemetery there were three men at work digging trenches, and they had 19 bodies to inter. The stench here was awful. The bodies were in large boxes or coffins and not much attention had been paid to the architecture of said boxes. The coffins were most of them burst open. Those which were not had large knot holes, and the coverings were so split that we could examine the contents of all. The bodies were all naked, much swollen, perfectly black and in most cases the immense quantity of flies had eaten the noses and mouths, so that the profile was destroyed. On our return to the City we passed a large number of funerals going down the Shell Road some of the coffins in hearses, others in cubs. It was then after dark.

The interments yesterday were 228.

### Aid to New Orleans.

Meetings have been held in a number of cities for the purpose of soliciting aid for the unfortunate sufferers, and as far as has come to our knowledge, the following sums, in round numbers, have been collected:

New York	\$30,000
Philadelphia	12,000
Baltimore	6,000
Boston	4,000
Washington	3,000
Mobile	2,000
Charleston	1,000
Savannah	2,000

Total \$60,000

Subscriptions are yet in circulation, and the citizens of some places have called meetings, having in view the same praiseworthy object, and we doubt not, before the close of another week, the sum will be augmented to one hundred thousand dollars. Will Cincinnati be included in the list of humanity.—Cin. Eng.

### Horrible, if True.

LOUISVILLE, Aug 18.—Private dispatches from New Orleans state that, being unable to bury all the dead the past week, one hundred and twenty-five dead bodies were burned.

To prevent Birds from picking Fruits—boil them in sugar, and put them away in a stone pot.—(Buffalo Express)

Which do you mean, the birds or the fruit? If the birds wouldn't be safer to pick off the feathers, toll them up in a dough, and "put them away (on the fire) in an iron pot!"